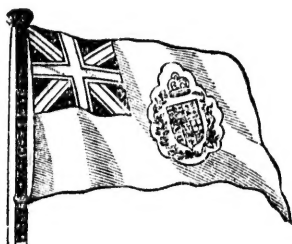




UNITY OF THE EMPIRE.



Grand Patriotic Concert

TO BE HELD IN

THE ARMORY

Tuesday, January 9th, 1900

Given by the joint Fraternal Societies of Hamilton, in aid of the fund being raised by the Lord Mayor of London for the benefit of the Widows, Orphans, and Families dependent upon the Soldiers and Sailors of the Queen who may fall in the War in South Africa.

Programme—Price 5 Cts.

McPherson & Drope, Printers.

1—Selection...“Reminiscences of England”...Godfrey
Sons of England Band.

2—Song.....“Tommy Atkins”.....Potter
Mr. C. J. Meakins.

Oh we take him from the city or the plough,
And we drill him and we dress him up so neat,
We teach him to uphold his manly brow,
And how to walk, and where to put his feet;
It doesn't matter who he was before,
Or what his parents fancied for his name,
Once he's pocketed the shilling, and a uniform he's filling,
We call him Tommy Atkins all the same.

Cho.—Oh! Tommy, Tommy Atkins, you're a “good 'un” heart
and hand,
You're a credit to your calling and to all your native land,
May your luck be never failing, may your love be ever
true,
God bless you Tommy Atkins, here's your country's love
to you.

In time of peace he hears the bugle call,
In Barracks, from “Revally” to “Lights out”,
And if “Sentry go” and “Pipe-clay” ever pall,
There's always plenty more of work about;
On leave o'nights you meet him in the street,
As happy as a school-boy and as gay,
Then back he goes to duty, all for England, Home and
Beauty,
And the noble sum of thirteen pence a day.

In war-time then, it's “Tommy to the front.”
And we ship him off in “Troopers” to the scene,
We sit at home while Tommy bears the brunt,
A-fighting for his country and his Queen;
And whether he's on India's coral strand,
Or pouring out his blood in the Soudan,
To keep our flag a-flying he's a doing and a dying,
Every inch of him a soldier and a man.

So Tommy dear, we'll back you 'gainst the world
For fighting or for funning or for work,
Wherever Britain's banner is unfurled
To do your best and never, never shirk.
We keep the warmest corner in our hearts,
For you, my lad, wherever you may be,
By the Union Jack above you! but we're proud of you
and love you,
God keep you, Tommy, still by land and sea!

—Henry Hamilton.

3—Song“Her Majesty”..... Adams
Mrs. Clyde Green.

Oh what's the word that's going round, Comrades on parade?
Her Majesty is coming to review the old brigade;
Then pass the sign along the line, shout it with a will,
“God bless her for her sixty years, and keep her with us
still.

Cheer! Cheer!
Soldiers of the Queen,
Show her how you love her,
Tell her what you mean;
Tell her what your fathers did
You again will do,—
True to Her Majesty,
As she is true to you!

Oh what's the word that's going round, Sailors of the fleet?
Man the yards and dress the ships, Her Majesty to greet;
Keep the guns in order, lads, keep the flag unfurled,
Thus we'll hold her Empire in the teeth of all the world

Cheer! Cheer! etc.

Then hand to hand, from land to land, answer to the call,
Soldier, Sailor, Citizen—Britons one and all!
As we're sons of one great mother, so forever let us be,
And the voice that speaks through England still shall keep
us free.

Cheer! Cheer! etc.

—Frederic E. Weatherly.

- 4—Recitation.....“Canada”.....—
Mr. W. M. McClemon.
- 5—Overture..“The Barber of Seville”.....Rossini
Sons of England Band.
- 6—Scotch Dancing
Master Tommy Campbell.
- 7—Song.....“Soldiers of the Queen”.....Stuart
Mr. Chas. Spalding.

Britons once did loyally declaim
About the way we ruled the waves;
Ev'ry Briton's song was just the same,
When singing of our soldiers brave,
All the world had heard it, wondered why we sang,
And some have learned the reason why.
But we're forgetting it, and we're letting it,
Fade away and gradually die.

Cho—So when we say that England's master
Remember who has made her so.
It's the Soldiers of the Queen my lads
Who've been my lads, who've seen my lads
In the fight for England's glory, lads
When we have to show them what we mean,
And when we say we've always won,
And when they ask us how it's done
We'll proudly point to every one of England's
Soldiers of the Queen.

War clouds gather over every land,
Our flag is threatened East and West;
Nations that we've shaken by the hand,
Our bold resources try to test,
They thought they found us sleeping
Thought us unprepared
Because we have our party wars,
But Englishmen unite, when they're called to fight
The battle for old England's common cause.

Now we're rous'd we've buckled on our swords
We've done with diplomatic lingo.
We'll do deeds to fol'ow on our words,
We'll shew we're something more than jingo.
And though Old England's laws do not her sons compel
To military duties do,
We'll play them at their game, and shew them all the
same
An Englishman can be a soldier too.

8—Recitation...“The Absent-Minded Beggar”. Kipling
Miss Jessie Irving.

(The accompanying poem is Rudyard Kipling's contribution to a fund for the wives and children of the British Army recruits sent to South Africa. He sold it to the *London Daily Mail* for \$1,250; of all the proceeds Mr. Kipling receives nothing. One newspaper raised \$250,000 by the sale of this poem).

1.

When you've shouted Rule Britannia! when you've sung
God Save the Queen,
When you've finished killing Kruger with your mouth,
Will you kindly drop a shilling in my little tambourine,
For a gentleman in khaki ordered south?
He's an absent-minded beggar, and his weaknesses are great,
But we and Paul must take him as we find him.
He is out on active service wiping something off a slate,
And he's left a lot of little things behind him.

Chorus.

Duke's son—cook's son—son of a hundred kings—
Fifty thousand horse and foot going to Table Bay.
Each of 'em doing his country's work (and who's to look
after their things?)

Pass the hat for your credit's sake, and pay—pay—pay!

There are girls he married secret, asking no permission to,
For he knew he would'nt get it if he did.
There is gas and coals and vittles, and the house rent falling
due,

And it's more than rather likely there's a kid.
There are girls he walked with casual; they'll be sorry now
he's gone.

For an absent-minded beggar they will find him;
But it ain't the time for sermons with the winter coming on,
We must help the girl that Tommy left behind him.

Chorus.

Cook's son—Duke's son—son of a belted Earl—
Son of a Lambeth publican—it's all the same to-day ;
Each of 'em doing his country's work (and who's to look
after the girl?)
Pass the hat for your credit's sake, and pay—pay—pay !

3.

There are families by thousands far too proud to beg or speak,
And they'll put their sticks and bedding up the spout ;
And they'll live on half o'nothing paid 'em punctual once a
week,
'Cause the man that earned the wage is ordered out.
He's an absent-minded beggar, but he heard his country's call,
And his regiment did'nt need to send to find him ;
He chucked his job and joined it ! so the job before us all
Is to help the home that Tommy left behind him.

Chorus.

Duke's job—cook's job—gardener—baronet—groom—
Mews or palace or paper shop—there's someone gone away ;
Each of 'em doing his country's work (and who's to look
after the room?)
Pass the hat for your credit's sake, and pay—pay—pay !

4.

Let us manage so as later we can look him in the face,
And tell him what he'd very much prefer—
That while he saved the Empire his employer saved his place,
And his mates, (that's you and me) looked out for her.
He's an absent-minded beggar, and he may forget it all ;
But we do not want his kiddies to remind him
That we sent them to the workhouse while their daddy
hammered Paul.
So we'll help the homes our Tommy's left behind him !

Chorus.

Cook's home—Duke's home—home of a millionaire—
(Fifty thousand horse and foot going to Table Bay?)
Each of 'em doing his country's work (and what have you to
spare?)
Pass the hat for your credit's sake, and pay—pay—pay !

9—Song—"We're Britons None the Less, Sir"
Mrs. Palmer. M. DeS. Wedd

In Canada, our country, true patriots abound ;
We're just as loyal Britons
As can anywhere be found.
The flag to us that's sacred
Is the grand old Union Jack ;
If called on to defend it
You'll find we nothing lack.

Though our home is far from the Motherland,
We're Britons none the less, sir ;
And ready, aye ready, to fight and die
For our Flag and Queen, God bless her.

No land's without its traitors ;
'Tis just the adage old ;
You'll always find a black sheep
In each and every fold ;
And our land's no exception ;
But they're few and far between
Who cannot sing with fervor
God Save Our Gracious Queen.

10—Selection....."United Empire".....Hughes
Sons of England Band.

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

Mr. E. Pearce *Accompanist.*

The Second and Last Concert under the auspices
of the Fraternal Societies will be held on

Thursday, January 25th, 1900.

13th Regt. Band will assist.

